CRITICAL ACCLAIM FOR
The Diary of Anaïs Nin

OLUME I:	1931–1934	VOLUME IV:	1944–1947
OLUME II:	1934–1939	VOLUME V:	1947–1955
OLUME III:	1939–1944	VOLUME VI:	1955–1966

of the most remarkable diaries in the history of letters."
—Robert R. Kirsch, *Los Angeles Times*

s Nin has, through her own struggling and dazzling courage,
women, not just women artists, a magnificent way of groping
nd growing with the world. The diary should be read in full. Its
t, its insight, its example, are gargantuan."
—Susan Welch, *Minneapolis Tribune*

nodern Ariadne...she leads through the shams and shambles of
n behavior on to individual resistances and defiances. Hers is a
sive personality, gentle yet rebellious, whose constant probing of
illuminates a path to other selves and creates around her a spiritual
politanism."
—Anna Balakian, *Providence Sunday Journal*

e are subtle, complex portraits...The landscapes are no less im-
ve....Nin confronts her own aging with courage and lucidity,
affirming the unending process of psychic growth, the movement
l love."
—Robert Zaller, *Miami Herald*

not what Anaïs Nin does, nor the celebrated people she knows...
hat she is. She grasps things other people just grope at. She looks
l the surface and perceives the emotional reality."
—Loretta Schwartz, *Philadelphia Inquirer*

tive and frank...a unique blend of the poetic and the precise.
arts the human chemistry of her relationships, noting changes,
ts, fissions. . . . Her diary is a dialogue between flesh and spirit."
—*Newsweek*

y well be among the outstanding literary works of this century.
ending mere self-revelation, offering far more than a record...
ry examines human personality with a depth and understanding
surpassed since Proust. . . . In the diary, dream and fact are
ed and co-ordinated. In their joining lie the elements of a master-
—Elisabeth Stevens, *Washington Post*

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THE
DIARY
OF
Anaïs
Nin

VOLUME
SEVEN
1966-1974

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich

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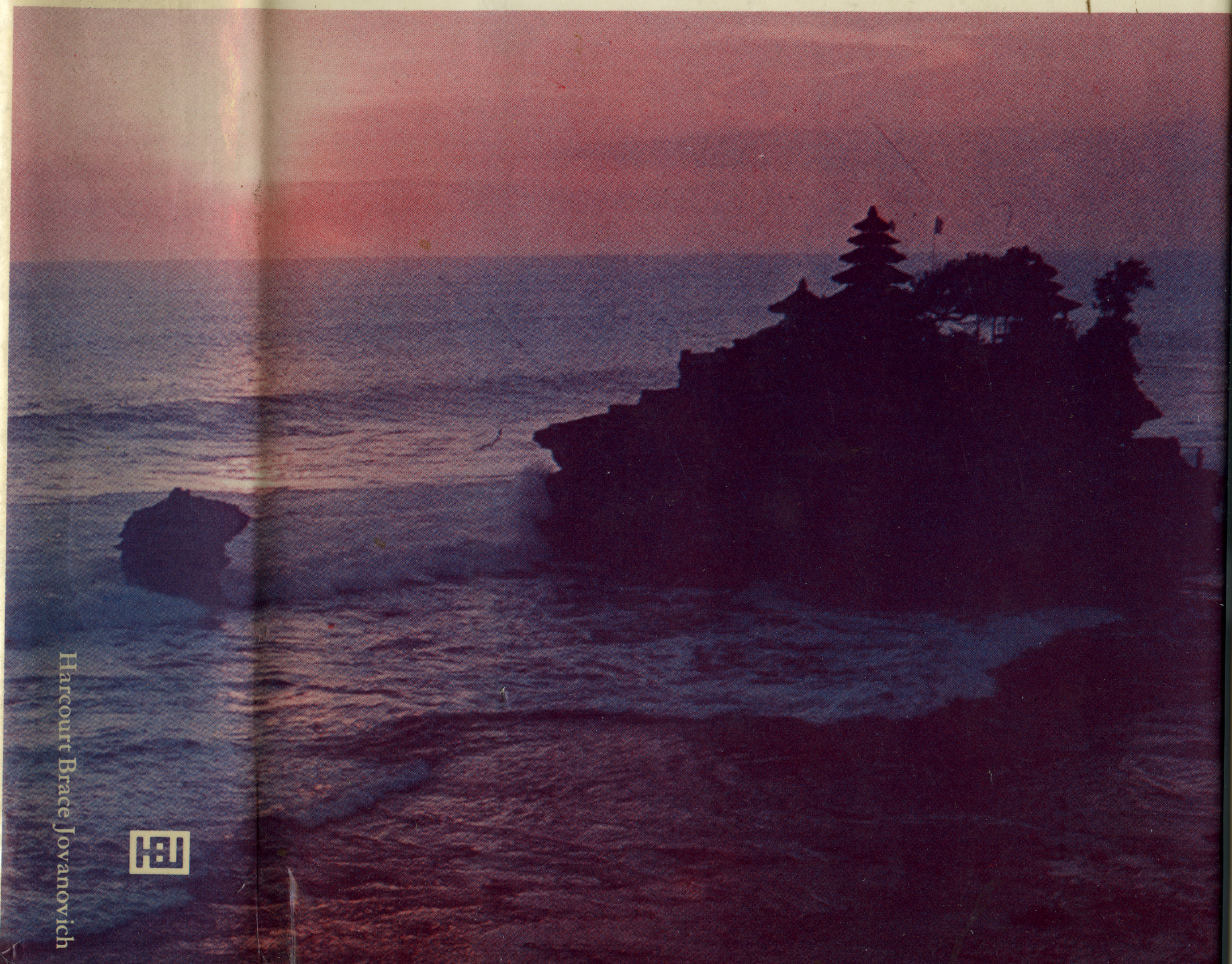
VOLUME SEVEN 1966-1974

Edited and with a Preface by Gunther Stuhlmann



No. She could look like a boy. She is tall. Her legs and arms are hermaphroditic. She is bold.

"I'm glad you didn't come to the party, Anaïs, to meet me. I behaved badly. I concentrated on a Japanese swordsman. But I must tell you, you did terribly disturbing things to me when I read the Diary. I was you whenever you described what you felt, but I was also June. Equally."

One of her husbands a gambler. Made a coup and disappeared. One son in England. Another somewhere else. *Audace.*

The *real* adventurer! I think of *The Wilder Shores of Love.*

Renate, not to be outshone by Marianne, tells the story of her first earrings brought by her father. During her childhood in Vienna, it was the fashion to pierce ears early (at six weeks) and insert a small gold earring. At seven she outgrew them and took them out but kept them in a tiny box. Much later she had a compulsion to look at everything through the microscope. She looked at the earrings, which had always appeared to be tiny gold loops with blue stones. But under the microscope she could see that each earring was actually a snake devouring its own tail. The magic snake, Uroboros. Jung's symbol for female. "No wonder . . ." Renate's mother murmured enigmatically. Renate never asked her what she meant.

Another story. John, a former love, on his way to the desert, stopped for the night knowing Renate had only one double bed. She refused to sleep in the same bed with a dead love, the skeleton of a passion. So she cut her air foam mattress in two and gave him his half to place on the floor. But John complained it was not half, it was only eighteen inches.

And now Max, the German who resembles her father. They are born under the same sign. Twin madness. Games. Disguises. Complicated courtship—no sensual fulfillment. They are fearful. He breaks his leg seriously, skiing. So Renate is now again—nurse, mother, cook. And a battle for domination.

Read Cortázar! I say to everyone.

Beatrice Blau gives masterful performance in Samuel Beckett's *Happy Days.*

Saw *My Uncle Yanko* by Agnes Varda.

Wayne McEvilly writes on *Seduction of the Minotaur* for the *New Mexico Quarterly.*

Tunnel of work on Volume Four.

Interview with Duane Schneider not good—my fault.

Letter to Frances Field:

Although I am drowning in letters, I want to write you. . . . The Ned Rorem diary had brilliant moments and he could have written a fascinating one, but remained on the surface . . . and also in spite of appearances, indiscreet but not open, not really. Some parts are striking. He never went fully into anything. He falls apart. Certainly his life is in shreds, and willfully superficial. Scattered. No courage and no core. A shame. I don't know his music. I am sure there was more there than he gave.

So, here I am, it is summer here with many flowers and the mockingbirds singing so wildly I want to record them for you, day and night. The pool smells of pittosporum, the weeping willow is languid and yielding as it should be, the life is structured. Up at seven to make breakfast. The hills are covered with mists as in Japanese prints. The coffee is Luziane with a little chicory in it. And at eight I am at my desk. . . .

Sometimes I take the bus to the post office. The morning is fresh and quiet but for the birds. Old people are gardening. It is serene. The neighbors . . . a sculptor, a painter, an ex-actress, an architect and a doctor, are relaxed and not too driven. The artists have opened a gallery which I am helping. It had a Varda show. Try to see a film called *My Uncle Yanko* by Agnes Varda, his niece. She went to Sausalito and filmed him. It is charming and enchanting. . . . The documentary on Henry Miller is great. Miller is a natural actor, he comes through as a tragic-comic clown, a monologuist, a complete egotist, warm to men and cold to women, naif, comic, warm, tender, schizophrenic, and without insight. It is worth seeing. His storytelling is at its best. It is Henry at his best. . . .

The *New York Times* never reviewed *The Novel of the Future.* But a beautiful number of *Studies in the 20th Century* came out from Russell College, Troy, N.Y., with three studies of the Diary. . . . And did I tell you I wrote to Cortázar, and he answered me the most beautiful fan letter you can imagine. That's more important than the *N.Y. Times.* I was so proud. And what else? We went to a love-in sit-in, invited by Sam Francis. For Easter. A picnic for 250 people. Carrying lilies.